A Touching Story.

We have read a touching incident about three little children, who, last autumn, late in the season, wandered alone in a dreary region of New Brunswick:

The night came on fast; and feeling sure that they could not get home before daybreak, the eldest (a girl of only six years) quietly placed the two little ones in a sheltered nook on the seabeach; and fearing the cold chilly night for the younger children, Mary stripped off most of her own clothes to keep them warm.

She then started off to gather dry sea-weed, and whatever else she could find to cover them with. Having tenderly in this way tried for some time to make them a nest, she at last fell down exhausted with the cold, and half bare to the cold inclement night.

That evening the loving father and tender mother sat up wondering at their children's long absence. In vain the fond parent's eyes pierced through the darkness. At length they roused the neighbors with their anxious inquiries after their lost ones. All night was passed in searching and tears, till early in the morning, lying fast asleep, and somewhat numbed with cold, were found little Johnny and Lizzie—but oh! a touching spectacle lay near them; their young savior was stiff, cold, and dead on the sea-weed which the poor little child heroine had not strength to drag into the nook where those she so deeply loved, and died to save, were sleeping.

Does not this recall the love of the Lord Jesus Christ to you who laid down His life not only for those He loved, but for his enemies also? Yet how many listen to this story with more emotion and interest than they do to the story of the cross where the love of Jesus, the Son of God, is told in letters of blood. O, children, be wise by giving yourselves to Jesus who died for you.—CROWN OF GLORY.

Sam Jones' Call.

I was called to preach the week I was converted. Now, I didn't think I had any of the preacher in me. I never have thought so yet, and then I was a lawyer and practicing my profession, and I thought I could make something wallowing among juries, while I could not preaching. But I talked to some good men about the matter, and they all said I'd either have to go into the work, or be whipped into it, or lose my religion. Well, that last got me. I'd seen so many a religious life begin and die, and I'd rather die myself than lose my religion. I would, I would. So I made up my mind at once, and I went to my wife and told her I was going to join the North Georgia Conference; and she said:

"Look here, Mr. Jones: when I married you I married a lawyer, and I'll never be an itinerant Methodist preacher's wife in this world, never! So, if you join the North Georgia Conference, you'll go without me."

"But wife," I said, "the Lord has called me to preach the gospel, and he'll remove obstacles from my way."

"Well," said she, "He'll have to remove me then."

That looked pretty hard, now didn't it? But I had my mind made up; I did not have any trouble about that. I just said, "I'll join the North Georgia Conference, and preach in it, if my wife never speaks to me again." I thought maybe she'd change her mind; but, bless your life, she grew firmer; and the time for the conference approached, and she didn't relent. At last, the night before I was to leave home if I joined the conference, came, and my wife and I talked long and earnestly that night, and finally she said:

"Husband, as sure as you take the train for Atlanta in the morning, I'll take the north-bound train for my father's.' And I said:

"Wife, my mind is made up, and I'll join the conference and preach the gospel if I have to go traveling about all over the country an old grass widower."

Well, I was a good while getting to sleep that night; but I went to sleep after a while. Some time in the night my wife called to me, and she was suffering terribly—I don't know what was the matter with her. I got up and gave her something, I don't know what, and she got better. In the morning at six, wife waked me, standing by the bed with a lamp, and said:

"Husband, get up and get ready; the train will soon be here." And I looked up into her face and said:

"Wife, what's come over the spirit of your dreams? What does this mean?" She said:

"Never mind; you get up and get ready, and I'll tell you after a while." At breakfast she said:

"You know when I called you in the night? You know I said that if the Lord made you an itinerant preacher he'd have to remove me; well, just then when I called you I was in the very agonies of death, and I just cried out, Lord save my life, and I'll make the very best itinerant preacher's wife I can." And she's done it too, every bit of it for thirteen years now.

I have often been tempted to think I would starve to death; but I have never seen the day when I didn't have three square meals. Once when I was in charge of a circuit, my wife put the dinner on the table and said:

"Mr. Jones, do you know that everything we have in the house to eat is on the table?" Said I, "Is that so?" Said she, "that's so."

"Well," said I, "let's trust in the Lord, and if he lets us starve to death, we'll let on like we died of typhoid fever." I went out to chop stove-wood, but had nothing in the world to cook; and while I was chopping, a man drove up with a loaded wagon. drove through the double gate, and the wagon-wheels ploughed great furrows in the ground; and we had more provisions in the house than we ever had at one time before or since.—HOLSTON METHODIST.

Unfermented Wine—How to Make it.

I am supposing that churches that feel it important to use wine at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper that it is not of an intoxicating nature, will be pleased to know how it is made and kept through the year in its rich, pure state. Housekeepers who are accustomed to canning fruit can readily see how they can do likewise.

I have used the Concord grapes taken from the vines as soon as they were fully ripe, in September. It takes about fifteen pounds for a gallon of wine. I press them, strain the juice through a cloth, put it into a porcelain kettle over a good fire. let it get hot, and while heating, put in granulated sugar till the taste is pleasantly sweet. The natural juice is very sour, and there can be no objection to sweetening to the taste (as cooks say) with pure sugar. A little scum will rise which should be removed. I use very nice, two-quart jugs which I heat in water while the wine is scalding, and when the wine is ready, put it into the jugs and cork them tight. The corks have never popped out, and I know the wine never fermented. Housekeepers have sometimes noticed that a bluish scum has formed on the top of their fruit cans, and I discovered a similar scum on my wine, and made a practice of taking it out in the Spring, and again in the latter part of Summer, scalding it, and after cleaning the jugs thoroughly, putting back as at first.—MRS. M. WHEELER IN CHRISTIAN CYNOSURE.

Remember Lot's Wife.

Lot's wife had many privileges, but she perished. Lot's wife had a righteous husband, but she perished. Lot's wife had often been prayed for, but she perished. Lot's wife had a good example set her, but she perished. Lot's wife had been warned by God, but she perished. Lots wife saw her danger, but she perished. Lot's wife was led by the angels out of Sodom, but she perished. Lot's wife was nearly saved, but she perished. Lot's wife only looked round but she was damned for that look. She lingered when she should have made haste and God left her. Mercy drew her, but she grieved Mercy, and Mercy forsook her. Where Mercy left her, justice found her, and Destruction seized her. She loved Sodom, and would love Sodom, and God gave her, her bad love to the full. The Lord took her out of Sodom, but she took Sodom out of Sodom with her. "Let me get a last look at my idol" said she, and she got the last look with a vengeance. "She is joined to her idols," said the jealous God, "let her alone;" and she was let terribly alone, she became a pillar of salt. Sodom was more to her than her daughters, her husband, her soul, or her God. In judgment she was wedded to her evil choice. She entered eternity in fellowship with those that 'suffer the vengeance of eternal fire.'—DUNICAN MATHESON.

The Blind Bible Reader.

A few believing friends in London have for some years employed a Christian blind man as a Bible reader. "His mission is to read the scriptures from Moon's raised type, in the courts and lanes of the metropolis."

Starting in the morning with a reading-desk before him, suspended from his shoulders, he takes his stand in a back street or lane, and feeling the words with his fingers, he begins to read aloud, and men, women, and children, gather around him and listen. After reading a few verses, it is probable that some one will make a remark, or ask a question; or if no one does so, the reader will make some remarks which elicit a reply, and thus a religious conversation is commenced. When the reader thinks he has stood long enough in one place, he passes on to another, and pursues a similar course.

In addition to reading the Scriptures, he carries portions of the Scriptures for sale at a low price, and during a single year he sold nearly nine hunhundred of these, and read the Scriptures in more than seventeen hundred streets, courts, and lanes.

But is there any need for doing this? Can not the people read the Bible at home for themselves? And are there plenty of opportunities for those who wish to buy? The Bible says, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters," which means, I suppose, that it is wise and right to use any and every means that may attract the attention of men to spiritual things; and this "blind Scripture reader" does attract attention, and probably reads the Word of God to many who do not read it for themselves, and induce them to purchase portions of the Scriptures who would not otherwise do so.

Sometimes persons come to the reader and ask him to read for their especial benefit; and there are occasions when the portion read seems just suited to the circumstances. Take the following instance:

A woman came up to the reader, and suddenly placing her hands on his book, said, "Give me a word to think about." He turned over the leaves till he came to the fifth chapter of Isaiah and then read: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!"

The woman trembled and said to him:

"You know me then, and my failings."

He replied: "No, you are a perfect stranger to me." She then asked:

"How is it, then, that you read that verse which speaks of my very sin?" And then with much feeling she added: "Well, it is very strange. I suppose that it is God that sent that verse to me," and she burst into tears. Recovering herself, she inquired for the chapter and verse, shook the hand of the reader, and said, "God bless you!" and left.

It was an arrow shot at a venture, but it found a joint in the harness, and proved that still the "word of God is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Heb. 4: 12, 13.—THE COMMON PEOPLE.

To try to make others comfortable is the only way to get right comfortable ourselves; and that comes partly of not being able to think so much about ourselves when we are helping other people; for ourselves will always do pretty well if we don't pay them too much attention.—AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND.

That preacher is always original and always powerful who gets his material directly from his own personal and devout study of the word of God; and just in the measure in which he departs therefrom, and depends on commentaries, homilies, sermons, or systems of theology for his inspiration and his life, he ceases to be spiritually vital.—LYMAN ABBOT.